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SPANISH ARMADA:

A LECTURE.

BY

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TO THE BRANCHES OF THE MONTREAL AUXILIARY
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THE SPANISH ARMADA.

THREE years ago I lectured on *The Bible and Popery; or, Incidents of Bible Distribution at the Reformation*. That lecture brought us down to the death of Queen Mary, and this is so arranged as to take up the thread of the story.

For two years past I have set before you fully the work of the Bible Society, and this year, to avoid the *taedium* of a long list of figures, I propose to lecture on the above subject, as one very kindred to the work which has brought us together. For the effort which in our day has made the Scriptures both abundant and cheap for our own people, and carried the sacred book to the Pagan and Papist, to the most polished of nations and the most barbarous tribes, in 216 languages, at the rate of nearly three millions a year, is but a continuation of the same heroic spirit that contended so nobly for an open Bible and free circulation at various periods of the Reformation; and, much as has been done of late, if all the friends of truth fully appreciated the value of an open Bible, much more would be effected; and by this lecture I would fain excite you to emulate the noble deeds of past days and arouse in you a spirit of watchfulness and vigilance against the enemies of God's Word, who seem to be reviving the prodigious efforts of the past to effectually suppress it.

My authority for the statements I shall make is taken from various sources, as Hume's and Goldsmith's histories of England, Green's recent History of the English people, Burnet's History of the Reformation, Hallam's Constitutional History and Motley's History of the Dutch Republic and several minor sources.

Our theme begins in the time of Elizabeth, when England finally embraced Protestantism, and took her stand for the word of God. Then, the sum of her population was about 4,400,000, since which time her growth has been wonderful and her prosperity unexampled. Now she has a home population of nearly 35,000,000, with provinces and territories encircling the earth, making a glorious Empire upon which the sun never sets, while she sways her sceptre over more than 250,000,000 of the human race. The great metropolis of to-day with her three and a half millions of people then had between seventy and eighty thousand, or just about half the present population of Montreal. Then her armies and navies were small, almost as nothing compared with her neighbors, but now her ships of war, her sailors and soldiers fearlessly cope with the strongest of the world. The far-famed empires of antiquity for wealth and power could not compare with the present wealth and power of England. The Assyrian and Persian, the Grecian and Roman Empires in all their glory pale before it in point of moral grandeur. While England has thus risen many of the kingdoms and empires that at that time dominated the world have become insignificant and powerless, and others have passed away altogether.

We do not look upon buildings and palaces, armies and navies, commerce and agriculture, equipage and pageantry as infallible signs of greatness. This would be to take a superficial view, and, though these are objects of admiration to many, there is a better measurement of true greatness. This is seen in her churches and charities, her moral and religious teaching, her sacrifices for the propagation and maintenance of truth, and her fidelity to the Word of God. Our present gracious Queen when she took a Bible and placed it before the inquiring Indian Prince, saying, "This is the secret of England's greatness," expressed the whole truth.

The England of yore was small every way in comparison, and, when the Invincible Armada was sent to conquer the Island, its task, by all compe-

tent judges, was regarded as a very easy one. We were a few and feeble folk only, of island repute, without soldiers, ships or sailors, or so nearly so as to be of no account. However, what we had was of the best material in men, if the most meagre in ships and other equipage, and it is pleasant to think of England's heroes of martyrs of those days, by whose valor and steadfastness the nation was saved, and by whose fidelity to the principles of Christianity and the Reformation it began to revive and live, expand in breadth and grow up to power and wealth.

We are the children of the Reformation, and our grand heritage of religious liberty and unparalleled civil freedom have been bequeathed to us by men who endured hardship in a good and glorious cause.

"THE SUBJECT OF OUR PRESENT LECTURE FORMS ONE OF THE GREATEST EPOCHS IN OUR HISTORY, IF NOT THE GREATEST OF ALL.—The means combined against us were all that the subtlest intellect could contrive, all that the greatest and wealthiest of nations and princes could command and combine, and all that the most famous of generals and renowned of commanders could execute.

The three principal actors were the Pope of Rome, Pius V ; Phillip II, King of Spain ; and Elizabeth Queen of England ; and if we examine the motives and principles by which these various parties were moved and actuated we cannot, I think, fail to be both interested and profited.

We will begin with Elizabeth, whose character has been variously described, one party making it very black and worthless, the other both good and great. If we listen to the first we must accept the description of a bold horse-woman, with a harsh, man-like voice, a good shot, a graceful dancer, and a vain, passionate, frivolous woman, as a full portraiture. We regard this as both very defective and cruelly unjust. She was a skillful musician and an accomplished scholar. Reading Demosthenes as a daily exercise, she could bandy pedantry with an astute vice-chancellor ; she spoke Italian and French as fluently as her own mother tongue ; she could talk poetry with Spencer and philosophy with Bruno—she could discuss euphonism with Lyly or enjoy the chivalry of Essex ; she could talk of the last fashions with the ladies of the household, of course she would not have been woman otherwise ; or pore with Cecil over despatches and the treasury books ; she could track traitors with Walsingham or discuss with Bishop Parker the knottiest points of abstruse doctrine, or calculate with Frobisher, the famous navigator, the best chances of a North-west passage. Her grand versatility and many-sidedness of mind enabled her to understand every phase of the intellectual movements of the day. It is, however, her moral temper which is hardest to understand, and the strange contrasts of it often remind us that she was the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, and her temper was often as contradictory as the mixed blood that flowed in her veins. She inherited her father's frank, manly, hearty address, and her mother's love of applause and free intercourse. Her imperious will, her pride, her terrible outbursts of passion came to her with her tender blood. From the same source came also her dauntless courage and her amazing self-confidence. This woman would rate great nobles as if they were school-boys. How often did she meet the insolence of Essex with a box on the ears, and, worse than that, we regret to say, she would sometimes break into the gravest deliberation of her ministers to swear at them like a fish-wife. It was no wonder the statesmen she outwitted and sometimes befooled held her to the last to be little more than a vain, frivolous woman, or that Phillip of Spain "wondered how a wanton could hold in check the policy of the Escorial."

They did not, however, see all of Elizabeth. The wilfulness of her father and the triviality of her mother played on the surface only. Under-

neath these was a temper hard as steel, a nature purely intellectual, the strongest type of reason untouched by the least spark of delusive imagination. Her vanity and caprice found no place with her in state affairs. The coquette of the presence chamber became the hardest and coolest of politicians at the council board, and, luxurious and pleasure-loving as she seemed, she lived frugally and worked hard. Her expenditure was very moderate, and, contrary to what is often said, she saved not so much to lavish upon herself as to provide for state emergencies and to be able to succor those in exile and distress.

Moreover in tracking Elizabeth through all the mazes of falsehood, duplicity and intrigue we must not lose sight of her unquestionable greatness and real worth. Her sagacity and unerring judgment are seen in the choice of her ministers. None of our sovereigns ever had such a group of advisers. Her council board was a grand constellation of mind and intellect, and the wisdom which is seen in the choice of Cecil, Bacon and Walsingham is seen in every selection of all departments of state. However, great and intellectual as were her councillors, she was the tool of none; she would listen, she would weigh, and query in every direction, but she would put aside what did not please her, and adopt only what her judgment commended, so that her policy was mainly her own, and her's was a policy throughout, temperate, moderate and simple. The grasping schemes of ambition which have been the ruin of so many states and princes she steadily refused; she was resolute in her refusal of the low countries; she put aside with a laugh the offer of the Protestants to make her head of their religion and mistress of the seas. Her great and signal success in the end sprang mainly from this limitation of purpose.

She has sometimes been accused of hesitancy, but this was broken at times by sudden emergencies, that proved it was not one of weakness. She could wait, but she could also strike; she could be pliant, but she could also be firm. Indeed she ever pursued her purpose with an uncompromising steadfastness and singular tenacity of mind. "This woman," said Phillip's envoy, after a wasted effort to turn her, "is possessed of a hundred thousand devils." He made a great mistake. Elizabeth was not possessed, but she was great and had baffled him; he could not cope with her, and he was vexed. Her apparent hesitancy was perhaps more a want of candor. She lived in an age of lying, when religious teachers of high standing had made the abominable maxim "end justified the means" very general; and, though we make no attempt to excuse or apologize for her shameless mendacity, we cannot but call to mind that in this unenviable notoriety she had many and great rivals, some of whom claimed to be the highest examples in morality and religion. Her excuse was that it gained time, and every year gained was an increase of strength. Of political wisdom in its larger and more generous sense she had none, but her tact was unerring. Her notion of statesmanship was to watch how things turned out about her and make the most of them as they passed. She had an aversion to war. "No war, my lords, no war," she would cry, if the subject was but mooted at the council board; but, great as was her aversion to war, it sprang less from aversion to blood and expense, real as was her aversion to both, than from another motive. Peace left the field open to diplomatic manoeuvres at which Elizabeth was an adept; to mystify was delight, and she took pleasure in the reflection that, for near fifty years, she had outwitted every statesman of Europe.

But her greatness is best seen in her boundless power over her people. For fifty years nearly she was regarded as the "*Virgin Protestant Queen*," and this bright ideal was never dimmed to the last. She commanded a passion of love, a loyalty of fervid admiration, extending in a measure to

all classes of her subjects. A Puritan whose hand she had hacked off in a freak of tyrannous resentment is said to have waved the stump about his head, crying, "God bless Queen Elizabeth." The loyalty and devotion of this class of her subjects was rewarded with a harshness of treatment that never has and never can be justified. Their loyalty deserved better at her hands, and their ill-requited loyalty is the darkest feature of her reign, and is far less defensible than her treatment of Mary Stewart.

But she was judged of the nation by her love of peace, her instincts of order, the firmness and moderation of her government, her judicious spirit of conciliation and compromise, by which the whole country enjoyed tranquillity, and a growing and ever-increasing prosperity that were enriching all the people, and making London the mart of the world when every other country was rent and torn with strife.

She ascended the throne after the death of her sister Mary, whose bigotry and cruel persecutions had reduced the realm to the lowest and most wretched state, and she began at once to take measures for restoring the Protestant religion, for the whole work of Reformation had to be done over again. The entire work of her father Henry VIII and of her brother Edward VI had been completely wrecked under her sister Mary. The 42 Articles of Edward's time had been abolished, the celibacy of the clergy re-inforced, the church service was again said in Latin, the Bible was a prohibited book, and the Pope's authority entirely restored, and the "real presence" had long been adopted as the best bait to catch Protestants. They proposed it to Elizabeth while she was still a prisoner in the tower, but her reply was ready,

"Christ was the word that spake it,
"He took the bread and brake it,
"And what that word did make it
"That I believe and take it."

Her tormentor turned in a passion and went back to those who had sent him, saying it was of no use, for that woman had forever at her elbow a whole legion of fiends to tell her what to say.

Burnet says "superstition had made great progress in Queen Mary's reign. the people in many places had pieces of the true cross, and multitudes of the veritable nails that had pierced the body of Christ could be found. The Cathedral churches were dens of thieves and robbers, and many of the most violent were those who had turned several times." At the present day, among our neighbors across the line, when the Democrats get into power they turn all the Republicans out, and when the Republicans get back they set all the Democrats adrift. Now if this be a wise practice Elizabeth acted foolishly, and if she acted wisely this is a foolish practice, which I am much inclined to think is the case. She said for fear of unduly alarming any part of my people I will retain, Heath, Lord Chancellor; the Marquis of Winchester, Lord Treasurer; the Earls of Arundel, Shrewsbury Derby and Pembroke, the Lords Chilton and Howard, Sir Thomas Cheene, Sir Wm. Petre, Sir John Mason, Sir Richard Sackville and Dr. Wotton, Dean of Canterbury and York. There is something arch in Burnet's language. "Most of these, says he, had complied with all the changes that had been made in religion, backward and forward, since the time of Henry VIII, and had become so dexterous at it that they were still retained in every new revolution." Truly, sir, there was hypocrisy in the world before our time. To those who were all Papists at the present she added the Marquis of Northampton and the Earl of Bedford, Sir Thomas Parry, Sir Edward Roger and Sir Ambrose Cecil. The last she made Secretary of State, and soon after sent for Sir Nicholas

Bacon. These were all of the reformed persuasion. She then renewed the commissions of all who had previously had them.

The next act was one that forever endeared her to the heart of the nation. She opened the prison doors and set all who were bound for religion free. Old men, and matrons, young men and maidens, who had long been confined in those filthy dungeons, were permitted to return in joyousness to their families and homes, some of them after years of absence. As neither sex nor age had been spared, so now the general gaol delivery was attended with universal joy.

One who talked pleasantly came to the Queen and said, by some mistake he understood there were four still in prison, and she looked up somewhat anxiously and said "Who are they?" when he replied: "Their names are Matthew, Mark, Luke and John." The Queen saw his motive and replied at once: "Oh! I will send for the prisoners and have converse with them, and see if they wish to be enlarged," and soon afterwards the Bible was proclaimed free.

She seemed to have but two thoughts in her conduct of government: 1st, The maintenance of peace; 2nd, The promotion of the Reformation. Very easy, perhaps you will think, but on reflection you will find great difficulties. If she promotes the Reformation she offends the Pope of Rome, the man who makes and unmakes kings, who lifts up and puts down princes at his pleasure; she offends Philip King of Spain, the most powerful monarch of the age; she offends all the Papal party, both at home and abroad, yet she falters not, but proceeds, though very cautiously, and step by step only. The first Christmas after her accession she refused to have Mass said in her presence. A few days after her coronation Parliament renewed the statutes of Henry VIII and Edward VI in favor of Protestantism. The first fruits and tenths of all the realm made over by Mary to Cardinal Bole for the promotion of Popery were restored to the Crown. The Queen's supremacy was proclaimed afresh, and penalties attached for transgression. The liturgy was ordered to be read in the vernacular of the people, and the service of the churches conducted in English. Images were removed, the authority of the Pope was renounced, and from this point the Reformation went on rapidly till, in 1562, the 42 Articles of Edward's time were revised, out of which came the 39, as we have them in the Prayer Book at present, which were adopted by Convocation, and subscription required of the clergy, and, though there were about 10,000 church preferments in the land, less than 200 refused to sign.

Large bonfires were then lit up in Smithfield and elsewhere, not this time to burn martyrs but wooden images and crucifixes and other Popish trinkets, and the whole nation seemed hilarious with joy. Yet there were two classes who found fault: the extreme Catholic who thought she went too far, and the extreme Protestant who thought she did not go far enough. While we make great allowance for the embarrassing nature of Her Majesty's situation, we cannot but regret that the reformation was not made a little more complete.

It had been well, we think, if every fetter that had bound Christianity for ages had been torn away and every Popish ceremony entirely removed. The prayer at the time of Edward VI for deliverance from the thralldom of the Pope of Rome was expunged, and many of the Romish festivals retained. She ordered the communion table to be placed where the altar had stood.

In her own chapel the altar table was furnished with rich plate, gilt candlesticks and a massive crucifix.

She enjoined that the sacramental bread should be made after the Popish fashion in the form of a wafer, and many other defects and imperfections,

some of them very glaring, yet great as they were, they must not hinder us from rightly estimating the immense service she rendered to Protestantism and the Reformation. She had an unfaltering conviction that Protestantism would be the strength and elevation of her kingdom. She heartily abhorred the Pope's assumption, and never wavered in her belief that Popery fettered the understanding, and if she did not carry reform to the full extent of her convictions, it was from a desire to avoid every just occasion of offence to any part of her subjects, a policy of expedience as unwise then as now. This was soon apparent by the appearance of Popish intrigue, plotting and treason.

The stringent laws made for the punishment of these practices, combined with the events which followed, constituted the Queen champion of Protestantism. She allied herself to the King of Scotland for its maintenance in the North; also to the Protestants of France during the third civil war of that unhappy country, and she espoused the cause of the Netherlands when they could no longer endure the tyranny of Spain and Italy, furnished them with men and money and gave their exiles sanctuary.

Such conduct, of course, was very displeasing to the Pope and all his party both at home and abroad. We are not, however, to suppose that this was the first cause of alienation. From her youth up, as heir apparent to the throne, the Pope had regarded her with jealousy and suspicion. When at her accession to the Throne she wrote Kams to inform the Pope of the fact, the reply of His Holiness was an insult: "England is a fief of the Holy See, and it is great temerity on the part of Elizabeth to have assumed without my participation the title and authority of Queen, nevertheless I am willing to be indulgent. [Well, that was kind of him, was it not?] I have a right to punish this criminal invasion of my authority, but still I will open to her the door of grace if she will renounce all right and title to the crown." We cannot but think his indulgence was soon followed with exaction.

He sent an embassy with that famous letter of tenderness and affection, beginning "To our most dear daughter in Christ, Elizabeth," and it went on to urge her to cast herself and people into his paternal arms. But his smile of affection and tears of sympathy were lost on Elizabeth. She had seen such crocodile tears and mock sympathy before, and did not appreciate either one or the other. So the Pope changed his plan, if not his purpose. He would put her under the ban, he would excommunicate her, he would depose her from the throne, and relieve all her subjects of their allegiance. He did not content himself long with mere threatening, for by and by the red-hot thunderbolt came, that fearful artillery that had so often made nations to quake and tremble, and bowed the hearts of the stoutest kings. It had, however, little effect at this time, and this courageous woman with the whole nation stood unmoved. One John Felton took the bull and affixed it to the gates of the palace of the Bishop of London, by which he made himself amenable to the penalties for conspiring against the Queen's supremacy, and such was the temper of the London populace he was immediately seized, soon tried and suffered for his temerity.

This bull was coupled with the celebrated minute of the Pope's Council, which granted a full and plenary pardon to any one who would assault the Queen, or to any cook, brewer, baker, vintner, grocer, surgeon, physician, or person of any other calling who would make way with her life. She was thus fairly under the ban, and was lawful prey to the worst passions and greatest villains of the world. This bull and celebrated minute of council caused no end of plotting and intrigue, and the Queen was no sooner free from one attempt upon her life, than another one was preparing. Her numerous escapes can be accounted for only by the merciful interposition of God.

In 1569 Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner for high treason, and as the hopes of the Popish party centred in her, the leaders became desperate. The Duke of Norfolk had a plot to seize her by force, carry her off and marry her. He was a weak man, and a proper tool in the hands of Murray and Lethington and several other Italian priests, agents of Pius V, under the common pretence of uniting and combining the whole Popish party. He had been intriguing with Alva Phillip, governor of the Netherlands, to invade the kingdom, but the first step was to procure Phillip's consent. Phillip was a man very cautious and wholly unmoved by passion. Bigotry, prejudice and tyranny were the predominating influences that swayed him, and passion itself could not exercise so pernicious a power. The fraudulent maxims which governed his councils excited the most violent agitations, and engaged him in enormous acts of cruelty. When he consecrated himself afresh to God, and promised greater devotion, it was by the extirpation of heresy, which meant killing more Protestants. In his unrelenting zeal for orthodoxy he spared neither sex nor age. He was present with a countenance stern and inflexible at the most barbarous executions. He imprisoned Ponce, his father's confessor, and he in whose arms that father had died, and left him there to perish. He even entertained designs of treating his father's memory with severity, because he had been suspected of a leaning to Lutheranism for a short time. He issued most rigorous orders for the execution of all Protestants in Spain, Italy, and the low countries, and throughout his vast domain. His determined tyranny was based upon maxims of civil policy more than the principles of religion, but he made it plain to all his subjects that there was no escape but by flight or entire submission.

Phillip lived, so he said, to enforce the will of God,—noble mission! But while the Duke of Alva was fighting to destroy the constitution and Protestantism of the Netherlands, and enforce upon that inoffensive people the terrible Inquisition, the master was engaged in a far more serious plot, nothing less than the assassination of the Queen of England, and placing Mary Queen of Scots upon the throne; and, as this involved the reduction of England under the ancient church, it was very acceptable to Phillip. It included a conspiracy against a friendly power, an immense service to the Church, and a murder, all equally gratifying to a man of his tastes. His passion for intrigue, his love of God and hatred of man would all be gratified at once. There was one Ridolfi, a Florentine, long resident in England, had been sent to the Netherlands as a secret spy of the Duke of Norfolk. Alva read him at once, and denounced him to Phillip as a loose, prating creature, unfit to be trusted with affairs of importance, but Phillip was so blinded with the grandeur of the plot he could think but little of the plotters, and gave his approval without making direct promises. He wrote the Duke of Parma of his interview with Ridolfi, who had, he said, laid before him the suffering of Mary Stuart, and a plan for her liberation. By the assistance of the Spanish monarch it would be easy to seize her, carry her off, marry her to the Duke of Norfolk, and place her upon the throne, and England would be restored to Catholicism. The best time would be August or September, when Elizabeth would be in the country; then it would be easy to seize and dispatch her, and all opposition would be removed. Pius V to Ridolfi whom had made known the whole scheme, highly approved it, and warmly urged Phillip to co-operate. "Poor as I am," saith the Pope, "I am ready to sell my chalices, and, if need be, my vestments to provide funds for so pious a purpose." Phillip said it needed but few words to urge him, his desire to see the scheme executed was so extreme.

He wrote Alva to make preparations. The conspirators had asked for 6000 arquebusiers, 2000 for England, 2000 for Ireland, and the same for Scotland. The viceroy was directed to provide 4000 men and 2000 corselets, and keep the matter a profound secret, and Phillip promised to send 200,000 crowns for expenses. Alva had penetration more than his master. He saw the rashness of the scheme, "to provide and despatch 10,000 into the heart of a foreign nation, and keep the matter a profound secret!" Truly, he said, "*this is no trifle*;" yet he had the habit of hypocrisy so common to the times. He applauded the plot, a grand one, and thanked God who had made him vassal of such a master, but in the same breath advised Phillip not to proceed a step till the conspirators had Elizabeth in their power.

All these machinations were soon known in England, and the only result was that Mary was more closely guarded. Norfolk was apprehended, tried and executed, and yet Phillip continued to plot. None but a lunatic, one would think, would continue to conspire after the conspiracy was exposed and the conspirators arrested, and yet this was what Phillip did. Alva complained again, and not without reason. "He was to give no cause of offence to England, and yet send an army into the heart of the country to succor an imprisoned traitor, and keep the matter a secret from his own council." He was too sagacious for such folly. But we are not to suppose that to kill the Queen of England, subvert the laws of her realm, to burn her fleet and butcher her subjects, was work at all revolting to Alva, no, they were objects of his delight, only he wanted more feasibility as to the time and place of execution.

In 1570 a rebellion was fomented in Ireland under the same auspices. Two years afterwards the Queen and her people had an awful example in France on the festival of St. Bartholomew of the terrible nature of the enemy. 1584 brought the discovery of the Throgmorton conspiracy. In the same year a Popish missal was published and circulated in the palace, urging upon the ladies of the household to do to the Queen as Judith had done to Holofernes, that is, slay her while asleep in bed. In 1585 there was a more formidable plot still: a Romanist of the name of Parry, who had been convicted of treason but pardoned by the Queen, went to Milan to consult a Jesuit priest as to the best service he could render to the Church. He was solemnly assured that nothing he could do would be so meritorious as to shoot the Queen of England. The Papal Nuncio of that city was consulted, and gave the project his unqualified approval. He wrote to the Pope, detailing his scheme and asking absolution and benediction. The Pope sent him both with much applause for answer. He came to England, but needing assistance he joined himself to a nobleman in the fiendish work who betrayed him. Parry was tried, condemned and suffered death. *He was one of the martyrs of this reign, and the rest were mostly like him.*

In 1577 the Pope sent a man from Florence commissioned to plot and intrigue to take away her life, that the whole Papal party might be reunited. The next year an Englishman received a similar commission.

But the most memorable plot was still to come. Ballard, a Romish priest, addressed himself to a Romish gentleman of Derbyshire, who was known to be a warm admirer of Mary Queen of Scots; he joined the priest in the plot and secured the co-operation of many others. Mary approved and warmly supported their scheme, and had the temerity to promise ample rewards to all the assassins when hers should be the crown. But the plot like the others was betrayed, every conspirator was seized, and sooner or later suffered for their crime.

All this time Phillip, the "most Catholic King of Spain," was preparing his famous invincible Armada, by which, as he said, to sweep both the Queen and her people into the sea. This Phillip was the titular King of England, as the husband of the deceased Mary. He had been an aspirant to the hand of Elizabeth, but Elizabeth was as difficult to court as she was to govern, and could manage her lovers as well as her ministers, and, being persuaded that Phillip was more influenced by politic motives than the tender passion, she rejected him. Every lady present will say, served him right. It is said that he promised her they would still be friends if they could not be lovers, but subsequent events proved that, like all rejected suitors, he was much offended, and his behavior afterwards seemed to indicate that he was determined if she would not wed she should not reign.

Phillip was the son of the great Emperor Charles V, and had all the dominion of his father except being King of the Romans. He was King of all the Spanish Kingdom, titular King of France and Jerusalem, and absolute dominator of Asia, Africa and America; he was also Duke of Milan and the two Burgandies, and hereditary sovereign of the seventeen Netherlands; he was the Pope's best friend, and the Pope was in trouble with Elizabeth. "England was lost, and that loss must be avenged," and he was preparing for it.

His preparations were of the most extraordinary description. For about four years was the work going on, and the war-cry raised through all his vast dominion, and all his lieges laid under contribution. The result was the production of a fleet of 130 ships larger than any that had ever been seen afloat before. For safety and better protection, twelve of the largest were named after the twelve Apostles, and the rest took their names from the various saints of the Romish Calendar. This large armament was furnished with 20,000 soldiers, besides a large army of 34,000 under the Duke of Parma, 8450 marines, 2088 galley slaves, 2635 pieces of cannon, 4575 quintals of gunpowder, a most fabulous quantity of provisions, and—Oh! sir, what shall we teetotalers say to this—14,170 pipes of wine, why these men never could have signed the pledge! Priests in large numbers, 180, were consecrated for this special work. Monks and friars, too, had an important part in this expedition—they had the charge of the implements of torture, as racks and whips and cats and thumb screws. Don Pedro, a Spanish prisoner, had the bold, impudent audacity to tell the British council that "with these we meant to whip you heretics to death." All above seven years were to go the way of their fathers, under seven were to be branded with the letter L and made captives. A special litany was prepared in which Heaven was implored to assist the faithful against the heretics of England.

The council of war gave instructions that the Armada was to sail to the coast opposite Dunkirk and Newport, and, having chased away all the English ships, should join the Duke of Parma, then sail to the Thames, land the whole Spanish army, and with one blow complete the conquest.

They were directed to avoid an engagement with the English fleet, and keep steadily in view the main object, and avoid everything that would interpose delay to the acquisition of a Kingdom.

And what were the English preparations to meet all this? for the dread moment seemed to have come when it was to be decided whether she was to be or not to be, and, if to be, whether she was to simply be a vassal at the feet of the Roman Pontiff. She had 14,000 seamen all told; the Royal navy was only twenty-eight sail of the line and most of them very small. The Spaniard had the advantage in number and size, in wealth and everything to such an extent none doubted his success. Perhaps I am wrong. We had the advantage in some things for the courage of the British tar never failed him, and God never forsook us, and these proved more in the end than all

that were against us. The command was given to Lord Howard, a man famous for courage and nautical skill, and his first Vice-Admiral was the world-wide famous Drake, the bold warrior and circumnavigator, of whom his men sang :

" Sir Drake whom well the world's ends knew,
 " Which them did compass round,
 " And whom both poles of Heaven once saw
 " Which north and south do bound ;
 " The stars above will make thee known
 " If men here silent were,
 " The sun himself cannot forget
 " His fellow-traveller."

While Phillip was making his vast preparations, Drake asked permission to visit the coast of Spain. The Queen could trust him, and said, go. He unexpectedly fell upon the port of Cadiz, burned up the shipping, took the treasure and provisions, and returned in safety and uninjured home. He had destroyed 100 vessels and delayed the expedition full twelve months.

The English council of war pointed out the places most likely to tempt the Spaniard to land. These were fortified and manned. Then the commercial towns were asked to furnish ships and re-inforcements to the Royal navy. They asked of London fifteen ships and 5,000 men, but, such was the loyalty and devotion of the city, it sent in twenty-nine ships and 23,000 men. The name of one ship was the "*May Flower*." Could it be that this was the same that subsequently landed the Pilgrims on Plymouth rock? Truly it must have been a true Protestant vessel from its very birth. Other towns followed the example of London. When all was completed they had 80 ships, but few of them, however, were men of war and most of them quite small. The army numbered about 79,000 men, distributed over the south coast, and at Tilbury and London.

At this critical moment the first English newspaper appeared. It is said to be preserved in the British museum, and to be a strange looking thing. Its articles, however, are stirring. 1st. There is a long account of the terrible Inquisition ; 2nd. A detailed account of the monstrosities of St. Bartholomew ; and, 3rd. A full account of the engines of torture the Armada was taking on. The Government proclaimed a fast, and the whole nation repaired to the house of God and humbled itself as one man in the presence of God. After this Her Majesty repaired to Tilbury, and delivered her famous speech to the soldiers, by which the enthusiasm of the army was fanned to a flame. Her Council had tried to dissuade her, but to no purpose, and the wisdom of her course was afterwards applauded of all.

The army and navy ever remembered it with enthusiasm, and the bravest of the brave never doubted but her bravery was above all.

On the 29th of May, 1588, the Armada sailed from Lisbon for the Tigris, the place of general rendezvous for the whole fleet, but misfortune was at hand. The First Admiral died, and a day or two after the second in command died also. This necessitated trusting the ponderous fleet to less experienced hands. The day after sailing a storm arose which did much damage, and the fleet had to put back into the harbor of Corunna. Soon after putting to sea a second time it came up with a fishing smack, the master of which told the Spaniard the English had been at sea, and, hearing of the storm, and thinking the enterprise abandoned for the season, had gone into winter quarters. This led him to disregard his order and sail direct for Plymouth, with an easy task, as he supposed, of taking possession of the whole English fleet, and proclaiming Phillip king of all the country.

July 19, about sunrise the Armada made its appearance off Lizard Point, which the Spanish commandant mistook for Rams Head, Plymouth, and put back for the night. Thomas Fleming, a pirate, who had been taken by the Spanish, made his escape and ran into Plymouth with intelligence of great importance. The English being thus put in possession of the intentions and exact movements of the Spanish made full preparations. Beacon fires were lit up—the telegraph of that day. The fire on one hill flared to that of another till the whole country was aroused, and the yeomanry of all parts came flocking to the coast, armed with everything they could lay hands upon, each one fully resolved to do his part of defence.

As the morning of the 20th of July dawned the enemy was seen on the horizon, drawn up in the form of a crescent, extending seven miles from one extreme to the other. Seeing the English in battle array he made for the Channel. He was allowed to pass. Howard sent his own little pinnace, the *Disdain*, to fire the first shot. It was immediately supported by Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher, and the result of the first engagement was the capture of a large gallion, Don Pedro, of the Andalusian squadron, with 400 men and 5000 ducats of treasure. Next day the fleet did nothing, but it was signalized by the vengeance of a Dutch gunner belonging to the Armada, who, to revenge an insult offered to his wife and daughter, fired the king's treasure ship and blew it up, with much loss and damage.

When the Armada moved again ours had the advantage of the wind, and could close in or draw off at pleasure; and the lightly-handled English vessels which fired four shots for the Spanish one, hung boldly on the rear of the great fleet as it moved on, and, according to the phrase of the British seamen, plucked his feathers one by one. Gallion after gallion was sunk, captured or driven ashore, and yet the Spaniard could not bring them to close action. Now halting, now moving slowly on, the running fight continued through the week, when the Armada dropped anchor in Calais roads.

The time had now come for sharper work. The Armada was on the point of joining the Duke of Parma, or supposed to be so, and, harassed as the Spaniard had been, his loss in ships and men left him yet much numerically stronger than the English, whose supplies of both food and ammunition were fast running out. It was now Howard's time to wish for an engagement. He lighted eight fire ships, and at midnight sent them with wind and tide into the midst of the Spanish fleet. This sudden apparition at such an hour, joined with their superstition, created a wild panic. The gallions cut their cables, and drifted with the wind and tide. Drake, seeing this, resolved they should not come together again, and at dawn the next morning the English ships closed fairly in, and the action continued all day. When the sun went down almost the last cartridge of the English was spent.

Three great gallions had sunk, three drifted helplessly on the Flemish coast, but the bulk remained, and even to the courageous Drake "*the fleet yet seemed wonderfully great and strong.*" Within the Armada itself, however, the case was different. Here all hope was gone. Huddled together with the winds and the deadly English fire, sails torn, masts shot away, the crowded hulks had become mere slaughter houses. 4000 men besides the wrecked had fallen bravely at their post, and Medina, the commander, was in despair. Looking to his captain he cried, "Senor Oquenda, we are lost, what are we to do?" "Send for more ammunition," he said, but a council of war resolved upon retreat, and the only course open was the circuitous one to the north, and the first south wind saw them in full flight in that direction, but it was a flight to destruction. No sooner had they reached the Orkneys than the storms peculiar to these regions broke upon them with a fury before which all concert of action or union of purpose disappeared.

Only fifty vessels reached Corunna, with 10,000 men stricken with fever and death. Of the rest some were sunk, some dashed to pieces on the Irish cliffs. The wreckers of the Orkneys and Faroes, the clansmen of the Isles, the kerns of Donegal and Galway, all had a hand in the fearful work that followed. 8000 of these poor men perished between the Giant's Causeway and the Blaskets, and on a strand near Sligo an English captain counted 1,100 corpses cast up by the sea.

The flower of the Spanish nobility, sent out on a new crusade under Alonzo de Leyva, after twice suffering shipwreck put a third time to sea and foundered on a reef near Dumblain. In all they lost 80 ships and more than 14,000 men, while the English scarcely lost a man, and but one small ship.

Yet strange to say news spread, how we cannot justly tell, not by the "lying telegraph at that time." A message reached France that the Armada had succeeded, that England was taken, that the Queen was a prisoner on her way to Rome to beg pardon barefooted while she made confession to the Pope. The Spanish Ambassador at Paris was in ecstasies, he ran to the cathedral, shouting as he went in the wildest manner, "Victory! victory!" but the next day he was in such disgrace the Parisians had to restrain him from committing suicide.

The Pope was mortified, but thankful he had not to pay; he had promised a million crowns towards the expenses "when England was taken," and you know, Mr. President, that has never been yet; he not only was but is still free. He, however, sent a letter of condolence and full of much sympathy to Phillip, who seemed rather to spurn it, for he replied that the loss concerned the Pope as much as himself, as the undertaking was at his direction and earnest importunity, but the next time the Church should move first.

Sad recriminations followed: the Admiral blamed the Duke of Parma, the Council blamed both, and the army blamed all. The priests who had so much blessed the enterprise discovered that God had frowned upon them because they had not destroyed all the Moors of Spain.

This was a great victory to the English. It was the salvation of country, of home, of the sanctuary, and above all the Bible and the Protestant religion. All saved by one of the most wonderful interpositions of Providence. This was to the English as the mutiny of India crushed, and the victory of Trafalgar and Waterloo all in one. The Queen had medals struck to commemorate the event, the motto of which was "*His winds, blew and scattered them.*"

As nothing more remains to be told let us gather the lessons.

1. We see how foolish it is to fight against God.

Here are less than four and a-half millions of people with the world in arms against them, and yet they came out victorious. Cowper says:

"His power secured them when presumptuous Spain
Baptized her fleets invincible in vain;
Her gloomy monarch, doubtful and resigned
To every pang that racks an anxious mind,
Asked of the waves that broke upon his coast
What tidings, and the surge replied, 'All lost.'"

That same little nation has gone on expanding and growing till it has planted another nation on this continent second only in power, wealth and influence to itself, while its sceptre is lifted up in every part of the world; and the nation that sought to humble it has gone down, down, down with every fresh revolution until it has sunk to the lowest pitch of national weakness and degradation. The possessions of Britain now encircle the world. In Europe are Gibraltar, Heligoland, Ionian Islands, Malta and Gozo; in

Asia, Ceylon, Bengal, Bombay, Madras, North West Provinces, Hong Kong, Labuan; in Africa, Cape of Good Hope, Gambia, Gold Coast, Natal, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, Mauritius; in North America, The Dominion of Canada, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Bermuda, Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island; in South America, British Guiana and Falkland Islands; in the West Indies, Antigua, Bahamas, Barbadoes, Dominica, Grenada, Honduras, Jamaica, Montserrat, Nevis, St. Kitts, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Tobago, Fortola, and Trinidad; in Australasia, Australia, south and west, New South Wales, Queensland, New Zealand, Tasmania and Victoria; with a population as already intimated, at home and abroad, of about 250,000,000. Truly the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation, and we can hear the voice of God, as in days of old, saying: "*I have raised thee up to be a great nation, that thou mightest show forth my power and glory.*" It is a wondrous empire, broad, populous and mighty. One acre out of every six of dry land belongs to Britain, and one out of five of all living men. It spreads under every sky, and embraces every clime. Freedom, wealth and enterprise are the characteristics of its people. Besides the English tongue, which is now more extensively spoken than any other, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Danish, Greek, Chinese, Arabic, Sanscrit and a vast number of other Asiatic tongues are spoken by different sections and countries of the Empire. England's greatness is a Protestant greatness. It began with a daring attempt of the Man of Sin to crush it. Its wonderful and continued growth has been under the fostering influence of the justice and humanity of Protestant principles. "The dawn of our national life was the rising of the Bible upon the land," and while she has been true to His word God has continued to bless her. If the time should unfortunately come again when our public men will pander to the beast and the false prophet, we shall surely be partakers of the blight and curse which have fallen upon all the Popish nations around us. So long as we remain true to our trust, and maintain with firmness the truth committed to our keeping, we are safe. No weapon that is formed against us shall prosper, but if the time should unfortunately come when ministers of the holy word turn to priestcraft and superstition, or we as a people give ourselves up to racing and boating and betting, our glory will have departed, and wasting and desolation will come upon us. Let us never forget that the great instrument that prepared the nation for this great trial was the vernacular Scriptures, and the same instrument carefully preserved and inculcated will still nerve to deeds of heroism, and the faith it imparts will still strengthen us to all holy Christian work, fearless of man, trusting only in God.

2. The old contest still continues. You think I have spoken only of issues long since past, that is a mistake. The two hostile parties are still face to face. There are two powers that rule Christendom, the Bible and the Pope of Rome. Each is contending for supremacy, for where one rules the other cannot, and this contest will never cease till one or other proves victorious. Hold fast, therefore, to the truth, and by renewed efforts and increasing sacrifices send forth the Word of God. Every additional language translated, and every additional Bible circulated and read, is so much gain to the cause that is destined finally to triumph.

3. The old weapons are the best. While we firmly adhere to the Bible and Protestantism let us as much as possible avoid all feuds and mere partyism, which raise bad passions for no good purpose, but increase darkness and prejudice against the word of God.

Let it be ours to pursue our work in love and kindness to all mankind, but from the path of duty never swerve, and God will protect, bless and prosper as in time past.

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